

CHAPTER 18: A DEEPER LOOK

Panic rose in Xavion's chest as he stood before his father. Nothing he'd practiced would impress Lucifer in the slightest. He wasn't prepared enough.

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"I'm kind of tired from the trip right now," Xavion muttered, hoping the lame excuse would suffice.

Lucifer laughed dryly, thinking his son was kidding. "Too tired to perform simple magic? That's nonsense."

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Xav looked at him grimly, unsure how else to get out of the situation. "It was a long ride."

The devil surprised him by reaching out to grab his hands, holding them up in the air. Power seeped through Lucifer's palms in a dark color that glowed as it transferred between them. Xavion gasped, the feeling of such strong magic like electricity on his skin.

"Close your eyes," Lucifer murmured. "Block away any lingering thoughts and focus on what you want to do."

Gulping, the demon obeyed. He ignored the sounds of the world around him, he forgot about the stress from school, he pretended there wasn't any pressure to succeed. All he thought about was what he wanted.

It was sort of a loaded question. What did he want? He pushed away his problems with school, family, and friends, but it left this empty space in its path. What else was there than what he'd been trying to achieve for as long as he could remember? All of those things he'd been taught since birth that he was meant for but could barely even grasp?

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Only one thought came to mind. One person, rather.

A large flame ignited in his hands that were cupped together. Lucifer let go and watched the fire that sizzled with life, a mirage of Malach within it.

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When Xavion opened his eyes and saw a particular angel crackling upon his palms, a fiery blush ignited his cheeks. He dropped his hands in an instant and stared up at his father with wide, terrified eyes as if he was a young child that had been caught stealing from the cookie jar.

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Xav waited for Lucifer to lash out or transform him into a rodent before squishing him beneath his shoe, but, to his shock, the man smiled.

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"And here I was thinking you'd been idiotic enough to befriend that filthy angel," Lucifer said while his grin only grew wider. "I wasn't aware your hatred for him is just as deep as mine."

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Xav's lips parted as he realized that Lucifer mistook his feelings, thinking his desire for Malach was hate. He was relieved for a moment, then became full of dread as his father continued to speak.

"I think you're finally ready to hear about my plans, son."

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Malach pranced through the gates of heaven with a lovesick grin splayed across his face. Xavion had been on his mind nonstop ever since their kiss. Merely the thought of it caused his stomach to blossom with a reaction for the demon.

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The cloud beneath his feet supported him as he shook his head and bounded forward, ecstatic to see his father for the first time in months. Beautiful rays of sunlight shone above him in the cerulean colored sky.

"Welcome home, Sire!" one of the angels greeted him.

"It's a blessing to have you return!" another exclaimed.

Malach gave them each a quick nod of acknowledgment before continuing on his journey. Every angel he passed said hello and expressed their excitement to see him again. It felt great to be back.

He turned a corner, passing through the town where the angels resided. Each home rested upon individual fluffy clouds with a small pathway leading to the front door. The walls were encrusted with a golden-looking material that were beautifully decorated with different assortments of flowers and greenery. It really was an astonishing sight to behold, though it was nothing compared to Yahweh's castle.

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The building was equivalent to that of a mortal's mansion. Large pillars led to the entrance that shone in the shimmering sunlight. Unlike the town, the foundation was entirely made up of pure gold.

Malach excitedly raced up the steps, overjoyed to see his father waiting at the top for him.

"Father!" he shouted with glee as he engulfed Yahweh in a hug.

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Yahweh let out a chuckle, patting Malach's back a few times before they parted. "My son. It's been much too long."

"Maybe because you never visit me," Malach joked.

"Now, now. You know I'm very busy. The angels can be more rowdy than you think." Yahweh put each of his hands on Malach's shoulders.

"But enough about me. I want to hear about you."

Malach grinned. He had so much to say.

The two walked side by side into the golden castle as the blonde went on and went about all the things going on in his life. There were the new things he'd learned in school, what was going on with his friends, goals he had made, but most importantly, there was Xavion.

He wasn't sure whether or not it was safe to mention the demon to his father. It could cause chaos, like Haven had warned him about, but he couldn't imagine Yahweh being upset over it. Skeptical, maybe, but not angry. How could anyone be angry over love?

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"Have you been enjoying it at the academy?" Yahweh asked as they walked down a hall together.

Malach avoided eye contact, staring at the fancy paintings on the wall as he debated mentioning Xavion. "Yes," he answered simply.

Yahweh raised his brows at him, expecting a longer answer from the talkative man. Malach's sudden quietness concerned him. It was unexpected behavior, coming from him.

"Is something wrong, son?"

Malach immediately tensed, giving Yahweh the answer he needed.

"No," Malach murmured, his lips burning from the lie.

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"Come on now. I taught you not to lie when you were a mere boy." Yahweh looked at him, unimpressed by the silence.

Malach tried to hold it in. He really did. He bit his tongue and crossed his fingers, desperately trying not to blurt it out. But alas, angels were never really meant for lying.

He caved almost instantly. "I have a crush," he mumbled, embarrassed.

Yahweh's concern quickly morphed into excitement. "That's great!" he smiled, pausing when he noticed Malach was still avoiding his gaze. "But there's something else, isn't there?"

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Malach slowly nodded, looking guilty as he finally reached his father's eyes. "You won't be very happy if I tell you who it is I like."

"Nonsense! Love is beautiful in all shapes and forms. If they've managed to capture your heart, then I'm sure they're a wonderful person."

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The words put Malach at ease, but only slightly. He knew how special Xav was, but not many other people viewed the demon like he did. People didn't often bother to look past Xavion's rough exterior to see the kindness he held deep inside his heart.

Malach did. Malach saw it. Malach knew.

But would his father be so generous?

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A/N

I'm so sorry for the lack of updates! I got a boyfriend, we broke up, then I had to move out of my house in a month... but now I'm back ๒